THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 55.

MADOC.....CONTINUED.

Come listen to a tale of times of old,
..... and you shall hear
How MADOC *from the shores of Britain spread*
The adventurous sail, explored the Ocean waye
And quelled Barbarian power .....

THE time at which the poem opens, gives the writer an opportunity, after the manner of Virgil, to make the hero repeat what is supposed previously to have happened, and represents him like Æneas at the Tyrian court, refitting against his meditated voyage. Madoc, son of the deceased King, and brother of the reigning monarch of Wales, had left his native country with a few selected companions, in quest of a world beyond the sea: he had landed, as is supposed, on the southern or western part of the present American continent, several hundred years before the expedition of Columbus; there he had planted a colony, and returned home for a reinforcement of adventurers. The story commences when his returning bark was just within view of her port:

Fair blows the wind,—the vessel drives along,
Her streamers fluttering at their length, her sails
All full,—she drives along, and round her prow
Scatters the ocean spray.....

The feelings of the mariners at the long wished for return are naturally described, but they are such as are regularly witnessed at the ending of every long voyage. Urien, the foster father of Madoc, meets him on the beach at his landing, and conducts him to the palace of his brother. On their way he gives a concise but melancholy picture of the civil commotions of their country. URIEN then informs the sister of Madoc that he had now confidence of soon seeing her brother, and prepares her for his return. Her answer is natural and affecting; it contains a simile almost spontaneous in a female bosom.

... Ill-judging kindness! said the maid,
Have I not nurst for two long wretched years,
That miserable hope, that every day
Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,
Yet dearer for its weakness, day by day!

Why *day by day* is added, unless to make out the ten syllables, is not easy to determine; this a liberty our author frequently assumes.—After meeting his sister, Madoc goes in company with her, and Urien to the apartment of the King, who was celebrating his recent marriage with a Saxon princess, the hereditary enemy of his country. In

the description of the reception and entertainment of Madoc, Mr. S. has faithfully adhered to the custom of those ancient times. The two brothers now join discourse on the affairs of the Kingdom, which leads Madoc rather impolitely to express his bold hatred of the Saxon, and love for his brother Hoel, whom the King David had overthrown in fight in order to secure the throne. The anger of David is well illustrated, and very happily contrasted with the influence and gentle attraction of his amiable bride. Madoc too, who met "*Emma's reproaching glance*," thus gallantly and *ingeniously* answers :

——————I pray you pardon me,
My sister queen ! nay, you will learn to love
This high affection for the race of Owen,
Yourself the daughter of his royal house,
By better ties than blood.——

The conversation then turns on the "world beyond the ocean," and Madoc promises on the morrow to gratify their curiosity. This number concludes with the song of the Bard whose Hymn, "Thee, father, thee eternal ONE," is in rather abstruse and metaphysical terms for such rude age. This finishes the two first books.

In the third, Madoc recounts the inducements of his adventurous expedition, and introduces an affecting story of Cynetha. The exact reason for which, or its connection with the Poem, we cannot readily perceive. It is among the desultory liberties of the story. There are in this number some fine pencil lines of description. Take the following :

Bright with dilated glory shone the west ;
But brighter lay the ocean-flood below,
The burnished silver sea, that heaved and flashed
Its restless rays, intolerably bright.

The fourth Book is a description of the voyage, and is merely the first voyage of Columbus done into verse ; there is nothing new unless it be the conjectures of where they were, or how the Ocean ended ; for the ingenuity of which, being all borrowed, the poet is entitled to very little praise. We find however the occasional marks of a good poet, in correct description. The following is a forcible line.

——————Almost it seemed
That we had past the mortal bounds of space,
And speed was toiling in infinnity.

And the abrupt, yet natural reflections of the speaker, on the remembered terrors of the storm, is easy natural and amusing .

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us ;—but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look round and only see,
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark, ...
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner !

The description of the storm is admirable. It is a fine coincidence of sense and sound :

High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.

Madoc's feeling at the song of tri-

umph are well illustrated. The idea however

——————On his sun-burnt brow
Sate exultation, &c.

is borrowed, but the licence is amply compensated by the nature and force of the concluding lines.

We shall pursue our remarks at intervals of leisure. In the mean time we recommend the poem as an enlivening companion for a winter evening. E.

For the Emerald.

REVIEW.

"Life of WILLIAM PITT, late Prime Minister of Great Britain, with Biographical Notices of his principal Friends and illustrious Contemporaries.

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and a good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

Philadelphia: Published by John Watts, 1806."

"In the harmonious family of Literature, History and Biography are sisters. They are twins; and both are beautiful. The port of the one is stately and martial, but the air of the other, if less dignified, is more alluring. One generally *commands* us to repair to the cabinet or the camp, while the other *beckons* to the bower. History has respectful and staunch friends, but Biography has passionate lovers. There are some, who are indifferent to the charms of the first, but there are none who do not admire the winning grace and sensible conversation of the latter."

From this studied and brilliant introduction we expected to have found the details of private life, to have been introduced to the acquaintance and friendship of the man, to become familiar with his private avocations and public employments. But instead of the fascinations of biography we find only the rude materials of public history. We see the political conduct of the prime minister of England; but never are in the circles of the "youngest son of Chatham." We witness the popular eloquence of the chanceller of the exchequer, but are never better acquainted with it than common auditors in the gallery of St. Stephen. In fact the work before us, trusting to the reader's information for the history of the times, illustrates the sentiments and conduct of the premier by extracts from his speeches arranged in the order of delivery. It gives a good idea of those astonishing and transcendent talents which conducted for so many years the destinies of England, and of that assiduous and and indefatigable labor which the severity of public duty required, but is entirely destitute of those "peculiar interests which biography should always excite."

The biographer rarely allows himself in observation or remarks; but is contented with noting the various times at which parliament assembled and the subjects of public interest that engaged its attention.

The work is not calculated to last beyond the present day, but it will be read now with considerable advantage. The speeches are tolerably reported: they give the sentiments of the speaker and they were not expected to retain the fire of his eloquence. The notes are a valuable addition. D.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 5.

Tu quid ego & populus mecum desideret audi. *Horace.*
Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ. *Virgil.*

.....

Clandestine Marriage, (*Coleman and Garrick.*) and *Paul and Virginia.*
Wednesday, Nov. 12.

It would be absurd to deny, in justice to the reputation of Mr. Garrick, as a dramatic writer, that his aim was always to afford a lesson of instruction to the virtuous; to punish vice and ridicule folly; and also, that his arrows never fell bloodless, or came short of their mark for want of barb or feather. In the Clandestine Marriage, the character of Lord Ogleby is avowedly his; though Coleman takes credit for one half of the play. The incidents in this comedy are by no means forced, yet highly interesting; the language is elegant without exuberance, and comic without drollery; and the catastrophe is sufficiently moral to render the mind repugnant to the clandestine union, which is the basis of the piece.

There are few persons to whom the representation of this elegant comedy would not be interesting, when supported by the powers of Mr. Bernard, in Lord Ogleby; who, as has before been said of his predecessor Mr. King, carried the play upon his own shoulders. Most good actors have some particular characters which they generally engross: and Mr. Bernard in sustaining Lord Ogleby without a rival, must be considered for that part alone, a judicious, as well as gentlemanly performer. We have witnessed the *toilet scene* better performed: which we attributed to the influence of repetition; but the *garden scene* encreased our satisfaction, while it reproved our discontent.

We have often thought, and still think the personation of Sterling, by Mr. Dickenson, a respectable performance.

The first requisite of a performer is memory, the next capacity; from the wretched appearance of the *Lovewell* of this evening, we should be apt to consider Mr. Fox deficient in both; we are always ready to give him full credit when he exhibits any proofs of correctness in his dialogue, and chasteness in his deportment.

Mr. Usher's Sir John Melvil, passes in the Ordeal, as it did in the play, without much notice.

The Fanny, of Mrs. Poe, certainly deserves commendation, particularly in the scene of embarrassment with Lord Ogleby; in which her looks and expression were discriminative and correspondent.

Mrs. Shaw's excellence consists mostly in *Old Maids*, and Mrs. Heidelburg is one of that cast. Carrying this in mind, she will do well to resign *tragedy*, to those who better become it.

We expected to observe a larger audience, than attended the repetition of such acting as is exhibited in this play.

Wife of two Husbands, (*translated by P. Hoare*) *and Blue Beard.*

Friday, Nov. 14.

In this play there is a violation of nature, reason, or character in almost every scene. It does not contain a part of even common importance. It is unworthy the *particularity* of criticism, because the consequence of such investigation would be *universal* censure.

From such an opinion of the play it cannot be expected of us to offer many remarks on its performance

This, as it only derives its importance from the thing represented; so it receives its insignificance through the same channel.

Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis,
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumor.

Fritz, being Mr. Cauldfield's *London* character, probably attracted a house; he evinced some discrimination but was less the apparent villain than was required for a judicious representation of the part. Mr. Poe oftentimes forgot himself or rather his character in Old Maurice. The general tenor of the acting was better than the play deserved; though not so good as the audience had reason to expect.

Venice Preserved, or a plot discovered (Otway); and The Maid of the Oaks.

Monday, Nov. 17.

This tragedy, the masterpiece of Otway, is said to have been borrowed from the Abbe de St. Real's "*Histoire de la conjuration de Marquis de Bedemar.*" Numberless have been the objections with which wit, combined with learning, & both with virulence have violently assailed it. The *title*, the *moral*, and the low comedy which is introduced, have severally experienced the lash of reprehension. But notwithstanding these acknowledged defects, the play contains intrinsic worth; and *as it is now performed* it shines like a diamond, when cleared from its impurities, the most brilliant gem enchased since the days of Shakespeare.

The noble, though violent and aspiring *Pierre*, constant in his friendship, ardent in his desires, and indignant at dishonour, inspires the audience with an interest in his fate, which is not so much deserved by his virtues, as demanded by his boldness. In all situations the sympathy of the auditor is his own.

Jaffier on the contrary is despised' pitied and applauded, as his ever unsteady passions, drive him into treachery; betray him into false confidence, violent resentment and pusillanimous submission; or recal him to all subduing love, and duty the state.

Belvidera's insinuating attachment, sympathetic passion, high sense of real honour and fervent filial affection, make her the lovely object of commisseration, wonder, love, and pity.

Of the performance of this play we shall speak at large. The cast of the principal personages was as might have been expected; but where was Usher. *Renault* would not have dishonoured his abilities: it is a character of strength.

Mr. *Caulfield* in Pierre. Our greatest objection to this performance, was the want of force in *discrimination*. The outline was so faint that a common observer would not perceive it, it wanted body and life. This is perhaps the consequence of too great hurry: Mr. C. often not only did not mark sufficiently the emotions he intended to convey, but he weakened the force even of what he said, by hastening to a new passion. His voice is well suited to the part; and his first interview with Jaffier, in various instances gave proofs of its capacity. In this passage he spoke well.

"Honesty! 't was a cheat invented first
To *bind* the hands of *bold deserving* rogues,
That *fools* and *cowards* might sit *safe* in power
And lord it *uncontrol'd* above their betters."

His denunciation before the senate was most powerfully uttered.

Curst be your senate; *curst* your constitution, &c.

The taunt to Renault was given with sarcastic severity.

Had Jaffier's wife prov'd *kind*, *he'd* still been *true*.

But he wasquite deficient in energy, through the whole passage, beginning

Life ! ask my life ! confess ! record myself a villain ! &c.

Pierre on the whole was a respectable performance ; consisting of a few striking beauties and not many defects.

We are ready to retract our observations made in the first part of this paper respecting Mr. Fox. His *Jaffier* evinced attention, and in some instances, skill. We have seldom seen Mr. F. to more advantage. If he had less rapidity in utterance, and would pitch his voice higher, by being understood with more facility, he would essentially improve his manner.*

Of *Belvidera*, by Mrs. *Stanley*, what shall we say? With a fine comprehension of her author, most appropriate gestures and expression, she has in many instances a *whine* and *drawl* in her utterance, which in scenes of pathos, are utterly inconsistent. This, though a strong, is our only objection : for in scenes expressive of contempt, or any masculine passion, she evinced powers beyond expectation, and even surpassing hope. The passage opening

Yes, yes, there *was* a time,

was given with a delicacy, yet truth of coloring, which was indicative "*of a master-hand.*" In fact, the whole scene where she upbraids Jaffier with his conduct, informs him of the treachery of Renault and persuades him to relinquish the enterprize in which he was engaged, she was above competition ; at least in this country. Particularly her concluding words,

Remember twelve,

would have convinced the audience of great powers ; had they been dissatisfied before. Of her madness, *there was method in't.* It surprised us, it satisfied us, it distressed us. We entertain a hope that Mrs. S. can attain a more *natural* manner in her tender sentiments ; we hope it, as we know no particular in which her playing can be so essentially improved.

So much for the principal characters : For the rest, the conspirators we thought were made of the worst of the company, that the senate might be composed of better stuff ; but we found some of the *conspirators* had not only turned *states evidence* before their time, but were made *senators* into the bargain. Certainly such minutiæ are worth attention : if the illusion of the stage is ment to be kept up, there should be consistency in supernumerary regulation. A page is not the most important personage at court ; but he should stand in his place.

.....

P. S. We have received a letter respecting the second representation of Pizarro, wherein Mrs. Shaw meets sévere crimination. Had our limits permitted we would gladly have introduced part of so just, and so well written a critique.

* It was not without concern that we witnessed several *wanton* hisses, during much respectable and even excellent exhibition ; and we felt much sympathy for Mrs. Stanley. But while we assure her, the *respectable* part of the house were in no degree the organ of malevolence, we take the same occasion to assure Mr. Fox, that his interference and impertinence would have met with severe reproof, but for delicacy towards Mrs. Stanley, and a wish not to give a color to a hiss, equally undeserved and unprovoked. Mr. F. should know that the audience, or any part of them, are neither to be *bribed* nor *schooled*.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

.....

It has often been denied, that Cicero possessed that faculty, with which few are favored in these *punning days*, the art of joking with elegance. The grounds, however, on which this opinion is formed, are by no means the strongest. The adaptation of *Roman wit* to a *modern ear* is most assuredly an arduous undertaking, since no species of composition can be so much confused by translation, as that, which depends altogether on some word or phrase the exact parallel of which either does not exist in any other language, which if it does, the translator is generally too lazy to discover. Cesar was very partial to these levities of the celebrated orator. Many were collected by his friends; the best collection however was made by his freedman.

The following is in the first rank, among the few that have come down to the present day. In a cause where Cicero was employed, he had occasion to summon Popilius Cotta, professor of civil Law, but a very ignorant man, declared he knew nothing of the fact in question, and became quite uneasy at his situation; Cicero, who noticed this, exclaimed, "Cotta, do not be distressed, I shall not question you concerning jurisprudence."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

Some years ago, at the theatre, in Dublin, Mrs. Glyn, (a new actress) having made her first appearance in the character of Lady Townly, three high bred women of fashion in the stage box, grossly insulted her, by talking loud, coughing, &c. The actress was greatly distressed, stopped, and at length burst into a flood tears, and retired. The ladies, *unabashed*, for a moment, enjoyed their triumph, when a great uproar ensued, and *go on, go on*, was heard from all parts of the house; when a young collegian suddenly jumped upon the bench, and exclaimed to the audience, "My friends who sit about me are determined the play shall *not* go on, until those *three drunken gentlemen in women's clothes* leave the stage box." This address was universally applauded, and being followed by a shower of oranges and apples from both galleries; the amazonians retired in the utmost confusion, amidst the hoots and hisses of the spectators.

BARON DE BLOT.

One of the most celebrated song writers of the age of Louis XIV. was the Baron de Blot, valet-de-chambre to Gaston, brother to Louis XIII. In his hours of gaiety he spared no one, not even his own master. The following are some satirical verses which he wrote relative to the Duke of Orleans and the Abbé de la Riviére, who possessed a great sway over the mind of Gaston:

"Adieu la France, adieu l'Espagne!
Gaston va se mettre en campagne,
Accompagné de son pedant;
Frandre, ta ruine este certaine,
Parles conseils du confident
Et la valour du captaine."

The Prince, thinking this pleasantry rather too high-seasoned for his palate, intimated to Blot that he intended to dismiss him; but instead of being corrected by this threat, he immediately sat down and wrote these lines:

"Son Altesse me congedie,
C'est le prix ae l'avour servi;
Depnis dix ans j'ai cet honneur.
Nous devons tons deux nous connoitre;
S'il perd un mauvais serviteur,
Ma foi, je perds un mauvais maitre."

The following is the Epitaph which he composed on Mazarin:

"Ensign la cardinal a termine son sort,
Que direz-vous, Francais, de ce grand personnage?
Il a fait le paix, il est mort;
Il ne pouvoit pour vous en faire davantage."

NATURAL HISTORY.

This favorite science of men at an advanced period of life, of the wealthy and great, and of all those who, disgusted with the noisy pleasures of the world, return to the tranquil and peaceful contemplation of nature, furnishes employment to a great number of writers in the present times; when too early introduction to the luxurious enjoyments of life soon produces satiety, and when sudden revolutions must so often bring us back to nature, pursuing with a firm step an uninterrupted course.

SOMETHING NEW.

The French have always been considered as a very *gay* people, and indeed they richly merit the appellation, for they endeavour to be merry on all occasions. No book, no treatise, however grave, but has been versified in such a manner as either to be *sung or said*, at the discretion of the reader. The following works have all, in their turn, undergone this metamorphosis: "La coutume de Paris," "Les Droits de l'Homme," and "Le Code Civil des Francais." In a new work lately published they have attempted to make the dullness of grammar disappear, and render the task of the child not only easy, but delightful.

The introduction is set to the following air:

"C'est a mon maitre en l'art de plaire."

Men's desires are raised by Prohibition.

A rich Neapolitan merchant, named Jacob Morell, prided himself in not having set his foot out of the city where he lived, upwards of forty-eight years: this coming to the ears of Duke D'Assuna, Morell had notice sent him that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom under the penalty of ten thousand crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but afterwards, not being able to fathom the reason of such a prohibition, grew so uneasy that he paid the fine, and took a trip to Florence.

EPIGRAM.

The Divine beat at his own weapons.

While the good priest with eyes devoutly clos'd,
Left on the book the marriage fee expos'd,
The new-made bridegroom his occasion spies,
And, pleas'd, re-pockets up the shining prize:
Yet not so safe but *Mr. Surplice* views
The frolic, and demands his pilfer'd dues.
No, quoth the man, good doctor, I'll *non-suit* ye,
A plain *default!* I found you off your duty.
More carefully the holy book survey,
Your rule is, you shou'd "*watch as well as pray.*"

LOUIS XIV. had so high an idea of the strong sense and discernment of madame de Maintenon, that he one day said to her——' Popes are styled your holiness, kings your majesty, princes your highness, dukes your grace, peers of inferior decree your lordship; as for you, madam, you ought to be styled your *solidity*.'

He that flatters you, either hates you, or, at least, has no esteem for you.

Ridicule at a distance appears a monster: it terrifies: but when viewed more closely, it is found to be only a shadow.

Those who are addicted to describing the vices and defects of their neighbours or companions frequently draw the portrait of themselves without being aware of it.

PRESIDENT HENAULT.

The President Henault holds a distinguished place among those who both in respect to their manner of living and their writings, have at the same time the useful and the agreeable; who have been both philosophers and literary men; who have composed good prose, and entertaining verse; and who while culling the fruits of Parnassus

have not disdained at the same time to gather its flowers. A grave magistrate in the hall of justice, he appeared in the world as a man accustomed to good company. While one portion of his time was employed in the gravest studies and occupations, he knew how to spend the other gaily, at the suppers of the Dutchesse du Maine, which were frequented by persons of wit and talents. His contemporaries were accustomed to respect a man, who not content with being learned, aspired also to be amiable. An enlightened historian, a writer possessing great purity of style, a courtier replete with grace, address, and good temper, he possessed a variety of claims to the love and regard of his countrymen.

"I hate," says Lavater, "as what is most hateful, that disposition of mind, which can find nothing good, even in the worst of men."

The taylor of Henry IV. having turned his mind to politics, as tailors have sometimes done in other ages and countries, procured a book to be printed, containing some political regulations, which he considered as necessary for the good of the state. He took the liberty to present the king with a copy of this work. The monarch accepted it with a smile; and having read a few pages, said to one of his valets in waiting—'Go and fetch my chancellor to take measure of me for a suit of cloaths; for here is my tailor, making regulations for the administraton of government.'

The best things, when out of place, lose all their value. The merit of a thing, says Quintillian, frequently consists more in its appropiate application than in the thing itself.

EPIGRAMS.

An Author's apology for knocking out his Printer's teeth.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm.
I broke his teeth. But where's the mighty harm?
My works, he said, would not afford him meat;
And teeth are useless, when there's nought to eat.

Women reconcile us to life.

This world's a prison, a sad gloomy den,
Whose walls are the heavens in common:
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but women.

Sharp, but sharper still.

A *Yorkshire* Man! and Ostler still!
Ere this you might have been,
Had you employ'd your native skill,
Landlord, and kept the inn.
Ah! Sir, quoth *John*, here 'twill ne'er do:
For dang it! Meyster's *Yorkshire* too.

From a detail of forty dresses worn at her Majesty's birth-day, we select the following. If any lover of literature is disappointed at this sacrifice of room to fashion, we pray him to consider how much curiosity we gratify.

Countess of Jersey—Was one of the most elegant dressed ladies at court: the petticoat and draperies were most superbly embroidered in bright and matted silver foil beads, in a rich antique pattern, and handsome antique medallion cornets in the same curious and costly embroidery; the drapery supported with rich tolio rope and Chinese tassels of silver; body, train, and sleeves, also richly embroidered in silver foil beads: the whole of this dress, which was formed of apple-blossom crape, was universally admired for its singular neatness and superb elegance. Head-dress plume of fine apple-blossom ostrich feathers, with a brilliant coronet of diamonds.

Lady Mary-Ann Browne.—This beautiful young lady wore a dress particularly remarked for its simplicity and elegance: it consisted of white crape draperied with lace, and festoons of blown roses; the train and body to correspond. Her ladyship's head-dress consisted of white and pink feathers, and bandeau of roses. The whole was par-

ticularly becoming, and universally admired.

The Ladies Percys.—White satin peticoats, with puckerings of purple crape, rich vandyke embroidery in silver relief, with white lame tassels a l'Egyptienne ; train purple crape, richly ornamented to correspond. Head-dresses, purple tiaris embroidered, and elegant plumes to match. The peculiar elegance of these dresses attracted general admiration.

Miss Emily Smith.—Body and train blush-colour sarsnet, trimmed with blond, and a wreathing of small roses ; petticoat white crape, a Grecian drapery elegantly drawn up and interspread with bunches of blush roses. This dress displayed superior taste, and was more admired than any one at court.

VARIETIES—LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

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"An Address" from Dr. LABATT, "to the Medical Practitioners of Ireland," is a work, in the production of which the Doctor has been extremely diligent. It presents a body of evidence in favor of vaccination, more curious, satisfactory, and complete, than is to be found in any other publication.

The communication of fresh papers from one of Cowper's early and most esteemed correspondents, has led Mr. Hayley to make various additions to his life of the Poet, while it was reprinting in octavo ; and to accommodate the possessors of the quarto work, he has published a thin volume of supplementary Pages. The additional letters, which form the bulk of this last publication, were principally written between the years 1785 and 1793, to the Rev. Walter Bagot, of Blithfield in Staffordshire, who was once numbered among the poet's favorite school-fellows at Westminster.

The fate of Phidias, the Grecian Statuary.—"It is in general true, that lovers of virtue are themselves beloved, and that men of merit gain esteem from their excellence. The following story is a melancholy exception to this re mark. Phidias, who made the famou statue of Jupiter, which was consecra ted in the temple of Olympia, experien ced the most unfortunate consequence of superior talents. The people of E lis, for whom Phidias had executed th admirable statue, became jealous of h future exertions ; and when the Athe ians demanded his return, the Elea suffered not the artist to go back, t they had deprived him of both h hands.

It is a circumstance that requires t be taken notice of, that Danish liter ture considerably increases every yea and indeed so rapidly, that we mu suppose the taste for reading to ha doubled for the last twenty years, t account for the possibility of findi purchasers for so many books in a cou try, the population of which does n much exceed two millions of souls ; an if Russian literature should contin to increase in the same ratio as sinc the accession of the present Empero it will in a few years rise to a distin guished rank.

The Catalogue of the last Michae mas Leipzig Fair, announced the pu lication of about 80 novels and roma ces, 30 plays, and 70 musical compo tions ; from 800 to 900 scientific boo of various kinds, in the German an Latin languages ; besides 80 work written in foreign languages, particu larly in the French : for this language is gaining ground in Germany, and in particular, French Grammars and other elementary books have been e ceedingly multiplied. We find in th catalogue very few English or Italia works, and none in other languages.

The minds of men seem to have be come so much enamoured of world interests, that those of the heaven even in a physical point of view, ap pear to be less attended to. Only tw astronomical works of any importan made their appearance at the la Leipzig fair : viz. a new edition, wi many corrections and seven addition plates' of "Allgemein-falsliche Be trachtungen iiber das Waltegebaude by GELPKE, containing reflexions, in generally intelligible style, on the un verse, and the latest discoveries mad by Herschel and Schroter ; and th fifth and last volume of BURIA's "A tronomie."

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FRIENDSHIP.

LET holy friendship be my theme,
O muse, its purest pleasures sing.
Where the breast burns with mutual flame,
What joys from such connexions spring.

Yet thro' life's dubious maze we find
But few who real friendship know,
Whom sympathy and passions bind,
Whose hearts with mutual ardour glow.

Friendship illib'ral acts disdain,
Unmixt and pure are all its joys
For flattery is its surest bane,
And base ingratitude destroys.

Ingratitude (the blackest crime,)
O'er Love and Friendship holds her reign
And damps the real joys sublime,
Which few do feel, but all can feign.

Celestial Friendship! thee we find,
The earliest passion of our youth:
Improve the heart, "and win the mind
To ways of sentiment and truth."

When fell misfortune darks the hour,
Friendship her lenient smiles bestow,
And then her sympathetic power
Will share and mitigate the woe.

Where friendship's undisguis'd & free,
And bound by honor, virtue, love
And link'd by mutual sympathy
We emulate the joys above.

My heart with tenderness still glows
United by thy generous bands
Participates our joys and woes
And with philanthropy expands.

How blest is he in whom we find
A heart where social virtues move,
Or in whose fervid, generous mind,
Dwells kindness and fraternal love!

POLLIO.

EPIGRAM.

Love and Hope.

Love without Hope, e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
Love can hope where Reason would despair.

PALMYRA.

A Tale.....Concluded.

AND now with mingled faith, and doubt, and hope,
All the uncertainties of love and youth,
The hours go by; the shouts of triumph pierce
The vaulted sky, and England's colours float,
High o'er the captive walls: Palmyra now
Seeks her brave parent, and in his embrace
Loses a moment every fonder care;
But from his neck arose, with rapid glance
She darts her wild eye thro' the crowded youths
Who in gay scarlet's pomp, and looks that beam
Valour's true soul, surround their general's form;
Alas! she marks not there her soldier's face—
Cold shudderings seize her frame; a moment lost.
Stupid and blank she stands, then rushing forth,
Distracted, breathless, o'er the sanguine plain
Flies with unsteady step; where'er she goes
Death's latest groan, and fond affection's sigh,
Startle her maddening ear—she stops o'erpower'd,
Bewilder'd, pitying, agoniz'd, and faint;
Then swifter rushes forward, and with eyes
Fearless, and scorch'd, she searches for her love.
Ah! who is he, amid yon slaughter'd heap.
Fair as the graceful lily, that the winds,
The rude, rude winds of heav'n have fallen low?
On his young breast the fatal wound appears,
And in his hair dishevell'd, which so late
Like wreaths of mist around the ev'ning star,
Blew o'er his eyes, love-darting; nerveless lies
That hand which held the sword. O, hapless girl!

He who so lovely sleeps in death, is now
What was Pyrocles; on his bosom, flung
With frenzied energy, Palmyra's heart
Rains down its bursting torrent.
Lost in woe, a shiv'ring sigh awakes
her—
Fix'd awhile, with anxious eye, and
speechless,
She beholds his breast slow-heaving,
and his lip
By fits convulsive starting; joy of joy!
Once more the deep sigh bursts upon
the air—
"He lives! he lives! yes, my Pyrocles
lives;"
That name arrests the pious soldier's
foot,
And borne assiduous to the conquer'd
town,
Pyrocles lives to hail the gates he won;
Yet not of young Palmyra's care he
knows;
He dreams not, that for him, thro' piles
of slain
She rov'd undaunted; yet, with grate-
ful eye,
He sees her watching by his painful
couch.—
O! ye who love, and love the martial
youth
Whom glory fires, and danger robes in
blood,
If ye have ever watch'd beside the bed
Where lay that youth most valued, and
have heard
His deep groans echo thro' the dead
of night
O! ye can tell what thrilling tortures
went,
What icy pangs, to sad Palmyra's soul:
As from the morn till eve, from eve till
morn,
She sat unwearied by her soldier's side,
Wept when he sigh'd, and madden'd
when he groan'd.
Ah! many a dreary hour, she sat and
shed
The tears of anxious fear and hopeless
love.
Once, while he lay in slumber deep in-
volv'd,
Thus, in a whisper'd murmur to herself,
She breath'd the sorrows of her tender
breast:
"O thou best lov'd! for whose adored
sake
I watch and weep, and know no peace-
ful hour—
Thou on whose form upon the dreadful
field,
Cast frantic, I lamented; and when safe,
Here in this scene, I prayed for, and
still lov'd
With fonder, purer passion—O! if e'er
This charmless frame should fill thy
gentle heart,
If e'er my ceaseless love could merit
thine,
Or e'er possess it!—But that thought
is vain—
O! vain indeed—Alas! some other maid
In proud Augusta's towers awaits his
arms,
While I!—O foolish! O unhappy
girl!——"
Here the sad words amid her tears
were lost,
While eager starting from his couch,
the youth
Caught her white hands, and press'd
them to his lips.
"O! dearest, best!
Most lovely, and most lov'd!" at length
he cried—
Too long this heart, to one as false, as
thou
Art fond and precious, has remain'd
devote—
But now, be banish'd both her name
and thought;
Long has my soul been soften'd by thy
worth,
Long have I ardent gaz'd thy beauties
o'er,
And sigh'd impassion'd at each tender
act;
But not till now has the impetuous flame
Burst from my lips, and told thee that
I love—
Yes, my Palmyra! could I at thy feet
Fall swift, and fervent, thou shouldst
see me now
Prostrate before thee; but, alas! still
weak,
These arms alone can catch thee to my
heart,
And thus with fondest energy upbraid
Thy false complaint!"
He ceas'd, and eager to his glowing
breast
Snatch'd the fair maid, who trembling,
wrapt, amaz'd,
Blush'd, gasp'd, and sigh'd within his
faithful arms.

ANNA MARIA.

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